

The Saturday Evening Post.

Vol. V.—No. 26.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 15, 1826.

Whole No. 229.

TERMS—\$2 00 per annum, payable in advance.

\$1 00 if not paid within the year, and

\$1 50 (in advance) for six months.



Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second, North side.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—In advertising a business, mention date when no 229—large sheet of paper—payable before insertion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WOMAN.

Woman, thou best and purest gift to Man,
Form'd by the Eternal from celestial mould,

Thou art angelic ere our race began,

And dwelt obedient in the heavenly fold;

At his bese, thy native pity felt;

The weakness of creation's boasted lord,

And left the skies, to ease his load of guilt;

And share the wretchedness that on him pour'd.

Thy love, thy guileless love, was given to bless,

And wind its balm into his rugged soul;

At the majority of lovelessness,

Thou canst alone, his will and wish, controul;

Thy kindest office is to soothe the hearts,

To heal with the soft magic of thy eye,

Thy innocence and truth to thee impart,

An angel's smile, in scenes of misery.

Thy piety is pure as heaven's own flame,

And in true fervour surges onto the skies;

While selfish man pursues the bubble fame,

Unknown, thy charitable deeds arise;

Devotion ever found an advocate,

From mean hypocrisy and evil free,

Humanity is in thy breast innate,

And owes its benefits alone to thee.

Dear we aspire beyond so bright a boon,

Which heaven has granted for our solace here,

Or seek for fame that vanishes so soon,

And quickly leaves our expectations drear;

When woman's smile repays exhaustion thought,

And turns to joy, the bitter cup of woe;

An angel with eternal goodness fraught,

Who came to cheer man's gloomy lot below.

ORASMYN.

LINES.

How sweet to muse on years gone by,
On youthful days,

When ev'ry scene unclouded lie,

Before the young and ardent eye,

And fed its strict admiring gaze.

When sadness never o'er the heart,

Had spread its wings,

Nor envy's cheek misshapen'd dart,

But there infid' a galling smart,

And made it swell in murmuring.

A ray of joy will gleam awhile,

When such a thought

Expands the breast; and then we smile

As sports and pleasures infantile

Before the harmed mind are brought.

We feel as tho' we were again

Both young and gay,

And for a while forget our pain,

When fancy, heedless of the rein,

Recalls each pleasant, happy day.

CIREX.

THE BRIDE.

I saw her on the bridal day,
In blushing beauty blest,

Smiles o'er her lips were seen to play,

Like gilded gleams at dawn of day.

The fairest of the guest;

Her cherry cheek and azure eye,

Rival'd the rose-bud and the sky;

Her undulating ringlets roll'd,

O'er beds of snow like waves of gold;

And now a sigh broke from her breast,

Like lily's rise and roll to rest;

And now a tear from her eye,

And mingled with her softer sigh;

Now wish'd it not, now wish'd it here,

And blus'd to think the hour so nears;

Then silent sat and nothing said,

In noble negligence array'd.

I saw her to the altar led,

But ah, no lover came,

From blested beauty far fled,

And strew'd with thorns the rose bed—

The bridal night was shamed.

The blush that ting'd her beauteous face,

The smile that shed the shadowy grace,

The rosy cheek and radiant eye,

That rival'd roses and the sky,

Hate perish'd; and those golden gleams,

But serv'd to haunt the minstrel's dreams;

Those undulating locks that roll'd,

O'er breasts of snow like waving gold,

Have wildly floated on the wind,

In triumph o'er a maiden's mind;

The crystal cascade of her tears,

Has roll'd to rest with sighs and fears;

Those rilly lips of ripening hue,

Have breath'd the longing last adieu;

And now she sleeps in yonder grave,

Where softly steals the winding wave.

MILFORD BARD.

THE VISION.

The sun had sunk, and night darkened the sky,

And the moon, she shone bright from her place

On high,

All nature in silence was hushed,

As I stood on the bank of a stream which flows

Through a city—sleep came; I thought to repose,

And I lay me down on the bank of the rill,

And thought could I hear, for all nature was still.

But the stream, as onward it rushed,

While here I lay gentle sleep closed my eyes,

And I dreamt that a youth appeared from the skies.

And he lit on the ground before me,

With a quiver of arrows slung on his back,

He seemed to be walking a new made track,

But he soon stopped short, and from his shoulder

He took an arrow, no mortal looked bolder,

Which he place'd in his bow expertly.

Now the fatal string with a firm hand he drew,

And the arrow sped, for the archer was true,

Which hit and so pierce through my heart;

He soon drew another and placed in his bow,

And to which he gave a more dexterous throw,
It hit a maid whom I had not seen till then,

As she tripp'd away o'er her favourite glen,

And she sigh'd as she look'd on the dart.

I mark'd her fair form and her still fairer face,

Till her form was lost in the distance of space,

I turned to the youth but he had gone,

And had just left the earth on which he had trod,

But I saw on his back he was "Love's own God;"

I laugh'd and awoke, I arose from my "bed,"

And I looked around but the vision had fled,

And the light in the east shew'd two morn.

PROPERTY.

MAXIMS TO MARRY BY.

Addressed to single gentlemen.

A late number of Blackwood's Magazine,

contains a light and amusing article un-

der the above title. We have not room for

all the maxims which the writer addresses to

the single gentlemen on the all-important sub-

ject of marriage, but we have extracted a few

of them for the edification of our readers:

Now, in making marriage, as in making

love—and indeed in making most other things

—the beginning of it is the greatest difficulty.—

But the French proverb about beginning—

"C'est le premier pas qui cause!"—goes more

literally to the arrangement of marriage, as

our English well illustrates the condition of

love.—"The first step over, the rest easy."

Because in the marrying affair, it is particularly the "first step" that "costs"—and to your

cost you will find it if that step happens to go

the wrong way. And most men, when they

go about the business of wedlock, owing to

some strange delusion, begin the affair at the

wrong end.

is not come to her wickedness before that time. Nor any woman that has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. A "cast of the eye,"—that is, the lady casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances—and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated.

Talking of "vision," reminds me of an absurd saying—That such or such a one can "see as far through a mill-stone as those that picked it." I don't believe that any man ever saw through a mill-stone but Jeremy Bentham; and he looked through the hole.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO PETER SINGLE.

Permit me, kind or cruel Sir, which ever epithet may suit your disposition, to advise you for the sake of the unmarried, to select out scenes of domestic happiness and paint them in a garb calculated to interest the young—by these means you will do more good—and receive more thanks from those who at present sign themselves

A FEMALE CLUB.

S. The Club was instituted in the year of 1824, for the purpose of ascertaining the majority or minority of the happiness or unhappiness of our married friends—in pursuit of this laudable purpose we have selected many scenes of a domestic nature, which will undertake the task, and quit abusing that state, to which we all look with the most anxious enquiry.

For that this state contributes much either to the increase or diminution of our joys, is a truth which every one must allow, who has lived long enough in the present world to see that he cannot command his associates, and that he is frequently therefore compelled to hold intercourse with those, whose spheres of life clash with his, and thus distract him.

It may, at some time, be a matter of consideration, whether you shall marry a maid or a widow. As to the taste, I myself will give no opinion—I like both; and there are advantages and disadvantages peculiar to either. If you marry a widow, I think it should be one whom you have known in the lifetime of her husband; because, then—*ab acto de puto*—from the sufferings of the defunct, to observe the bliss of a sincere Christian, who takes his chief delight in observing the prevalence of evangelical life and principles amongst his fellow men.

But how delightfully will this state of things be changed in that world, in which we are taught to believe that every one is gathered to his people! (see Gen. xxv, 8, 17; chap. xlii, 29, 33;) in other words, where all are associated to their like, or to those who are of similar dispositions, qualities, and characters with themselves. The Great Redemer therefore speaks of the many mansions in his Father's house, (John xiv, 2,) to instruct us that in the heavenly kingdom there is an indefinite variety of good, and that every inhabitant enjoys association with those who are principled in good affections harmonizing with his own

in out of my power to assist you in the present emergency. There is no man in the world I would assist sooner; but really the situation of myself in my short, my dear sir, it is a present out of my power to render you any assistance." "Sir, I had imagined, from the liberal offers of service you made me, when I embarked in my present undertaking, that I might depend on you, or some small assistance from you." "Really, sir, I— I'm very busy— very much engaged at present— good-day sir!" Not willing to give up the point without further trial, you stooped to call upon another of your friends and thus—

"Mr. Snickerstick, my good, good friend, I should be very glad of the whisk of your pen; it would be of infinite service to me in my present affairs." "Anan!" said Mr. Snickerstick, "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will endorse for me to a small amount." "Really, sir, I don't exactly comprehend you?" "I wish, on your word, if you please, to become security for me, for two or three hundred dollars." "That are a thing I can't do possibly. I shall be glad to help you any way in the world—if you want a barrel of pork, or a hogst of cider, I shall be glad to let you have 'em for cash, as cheap as any other man. I don't care who 'thifer is." "Good-bye, Mr. Snickerstick."

Thus buffered, you walk home, and debate with yourself which way to turn next? You ruminate on the cold, unaccommodating disposition of mankind, and if you have any spark of the cynic about you, you cannot help comparing them to a tortoise, which draws its head within its shell, and thus secure, cares not a fig how the world wags without. In this state of feeling, you would be apt to disregard the whole circle of your species, were it not for a few cheering rays of kindness you have here and there met with, and hope still to meet on the journey of life.

CHURCH'S PRINTING PRESS.

From Mr. Carter's Letters, No. 60, published in the New York Statesman, dated Dover, Nov. 27, 1828.

On the following morning, our tour of observation at Birmingham was resumed by calling in company with four Yankees, on Dr. Church, a native of Massachusetts, for the purpose of examining his celebrated printing machine. He politely invited us into his study, the tables and shelves of which were loaded with diagrams and scientific publications. In a few minutes we were invited to accompany him to the building where his invention is "in the full tide of successful experiment." After several years of successful study and labor, he has fully succeeded in his plans, the practical utility of which is reduced to demonstration. Mr. Perkins of London, remarked to me, that it is the most perfect machine he has ever seen; and few men have had a wider experience in mechanics, or are better qualified to judge.

Dr. Church at first put his press in operation, and directed perhaps a hundred sheets to be struck off for our examination. He then took the whole to pieces and particularly explained the various parts. Its motions approach a nearer to those of an intelligent being, that I should think it possible any combination of my inert matter could produce. It reaches out its two hands, grasps the edge of the sheet, lays it under the form, where it receives the impression, returns it to the top of the machine, and there deposits it in regular files. All this is done in an instant, without the least noise or confusion. Between two and three thousand sheets are struck off in an hour, the paper being drawn alternately from each side, and the form being almost constantly employed in producing an impression. It feeds itself with ink by means of rollers communicated with a trough. Three persons are required to work it—one to turn the crank, and the other two to supply the paper.

The typography is beautiful, being uniform in composition, and free from blurs. I examined numerous specimens, taking the sheets indiscriminately from reams of the ordinary work upon which the men were employed. It is designed rather for printing books than newspapers. The price of a press is \$1000.

ANNUAL PROPORTION BETWEEN BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

That God has not abandoned the life of man, and the preservation of the human race to blind chance, but watches over us with paternal care, evidently appears from the exact proportion in which (in every nation of the world, and in all times) men come into life and depart from it. By means of this equilibrium, the earth is neither too thinly peopled, nor overstocked with inhabitants.

Yet the number of those who are born is generally greater than those who die, for we find that twelve or thirteen persons are born annually for ten that die. Thus the human race is constantly multiplying. Were not this the case, and were the number of deaths greater than the number of births, in a few ages a whole country would be depopulated, particularly as various accidents may injure population. The principal hindrance to population are pestilence, war, famine, debility, and confinement in cities, especially those which are very populous, for in such nearly as many die as are born.

Epidemical registers show us, that more males than females are born. The proportion is nearly twenty-one to twenty. So that where 1650 males are born, there are only 1600 females. But death, the military life, and various accidents, restore the balance between the two sexes. In cities there are generally more women than men in the country the case is reversed.

The number of children, relative to that of families, is also regulated with great wisdom. It is computed, that in sixty-six families there are only about ten children baptised annually. In a population country, of fifty, or fifty-four persons, only one marries each year; and each marriage, one wife and her, produces four children; but in cities, only twelve-five children are reckoned to ten marriages. Men capable of bearing arms, make the fourth part, evidently, of the inhabitants of a country.

By comparing the bills of mortality of different countries, it is found, that in common years, i.e., in such years as there is no epidemic disorder, there die,

1 out of 40 in villages,
1 out of 32 in small towns,
1 out of 28 in medium towns,
1 out of 24 in very populous cities; and
1 out of 36 in a whole province.

Out of each thousand 28 die annually. Out of 100 children who die each year, there are always three dead born, but there is scarcely one out of 200 that dies in the birth. Out of 113 women that die, only one dies in childbirth; and one out of 400 dies in labour. The greatest mortality among children is in the first year. Out of 1000 about 253 die before they are one year old. Between the first and second year, only 80 die out of 1000. But from the 13th to the 15th or 15th years, the number is so small that it scarcely amounts to above two in a thousand. This therefore is the time of life in which there is the least danger. Some learned men have observed that there are more women who live from 70 to 90 years, but that there are more men than women who exceed 90 and live to 100.

Three thousand millions of persons at least live at one time on the earth; but there is scarcely one third of that number, or at the most 1000 millions, viz. about 650 millions in Asia, 150 millions in Africa, 150 millions in America, and 130 millions in Europe.

The most natural inference to be drawn from this is, that God is most tenderly con-

cerned for the life of man, and that it is precious in his sight. Is it possible that such proportion could exist between births and deaths, and that this should be so regular and constant at all times, and in all places, if the command of God had not established, and his providence maintained it?

Saturday Evening Post.
PRICE 52 PER ANNUM.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Book of the 11th Chequer street, directly opposite the Post Office, and book of No. 43 Market street, three doors below, rooms, North side.

A correspondent in a daily morning paper notices the beauty and attraction which has been added to our city by the improvements laid out on the public squares. "Open squares (he says) are not only ornaments to large cities, but conducive to the salubrity of the atmosphere. Philadelphia is ornamented with several public squares, but the citizens until recently declined appropriating them to their proper use. They were certainly designed for the public recreation, and were formerly devoted to that purpose. A few years ago, when the lofty elms spread their large branches over the city square; when rustic benches were promiscuously scattered about for the convenience of those who sought the shade, retreat, this was a place of fashionable resort, but of late years it had fallen into disrepute, and was most rigidly avoided by beauty and fashion. But fortunately the times are changed, and now we behold the City Square every evening adorned with the pride of our city. Fashionable parties here resort in numbers, and parents with their blooming children enjoy an hour in the cool of the evening, when the toils of the day are over. This is as it should be. The importance of having a place of recreation of this description must be obvious to all, and in a few years when Washington Square shall be thrown open to us in conjunction, they will afford a park unequalled by any in the country."

Messrs. Way and Gideon, of Washington City have issued proposals to publish by subscription, "D. Bryan's Adulce to the Human Heart," and "The Triumphs of Truth," a poem by the same author. The work will comprise seventy octavo pages and be delivered to subscribers at the price of fifty cents.

Mrs. Carey and Lea have several interesting works in press, among others Reynolds's Memoirs, and Hill's History of the Crusaders; the former abounds with theatrical anecdotes which has become the fashionable reading of the day. Reynolds possesses in no ordinary degree the peculiar talents requisite to the manufacture of a book of this description, and in man has had better opportunity to collect materials for such a work. These books, we understand, will appear in the course of two or three weeks. Carey and Lea will also publish in a few days, Claperton's Resuscitation in Africa, a work deservedly spoken of in terms of commendation, for containing a great variety of amusing and instructive matter.

It is stated that the whole expense of travelling from Philadelphia to the Saratoga Springs, is something less than four dollars, by two lines of conveyance, by another about five, and by the rest ten dollars. There are, at this moment, six lines of stage coaches running between Albany and Saratoga, at the low price of 30 cents each passage.

The Tea Case of Messrs. Lippincott in New York, which had been tried before Judge Van Ness, and decided by him against the, has been tried in the Circuit Court of the U. States, before Judge Thompson, who on Monday gave his opinion, after a month's reflection, in favor of Messrs. Lippincott, reversing the judgment of Judge Van Ness.

Messrs. Shultz & Schwartz have built and furnished a very splendid Canal Boat called the Ind-pen-ence, to ply between this city and Reading, upon the Schuylkill Canal; she is finished and ornamented in the style of the Erie Canal Boats, with three cabins—one sufficiently large to accommodate fifty people at the table.

A lad belonging to the Dr. and Dame's Asylum was on Saturday drowned in the Schuylkill—he had been promoted to have charge of the Ind-pen-ence, to ply between this city and Reading, upon the Schuylkill Canal; she is finished and ornamented in the style of the Erie Canal Boats, with three cabins—one sufficiently large to accommodate fifty people at the table.

The completion of the tunnel of the Union Canal, of which there remains but 184 running yards, has been undertaken by four contractors, who have been for a long time in the service of the Company, and there cannot be a doubt, from the known energy of these men, who have engaged personally to attend the excavation and to work night and day, but that it will be completed in time to meet the general opening of the Canal early the ensuing spring.

Hartman's celebrated Botanic Garden, near Gray's Ferry, continues to flourish. The present proprietor, (Colonel Robert Carr,) whose wife is the grand daughter of the founder of this garden, has greatly enlarged the collection, both of indigenous and exotic plants, as the green house plants are now amount to nearly 10,000. He has lately added a small vineyard to the garden, for the purpose of extracting which kind of European grapes will withstand our climate. The vineyard is well worth the attention of any person who is interested in the cultivation of the vine in this country. He has nearly one hundred different varieties of European grapes under cultivation, most of which are found to stand the climate here, and bear well. From the present appearance of the vines, he expects to be enabled to send 3000 lbs. of grapes to the market this summer, besides making several barrels of wine; he has only one hand, who made him, at length, bowed, full of honor, to the day when he was whistled, without distinction, in all reality."

The Secretaries of War and the Navy have directed, by General Orders, that funeral honors be paid to John Adams, at all the military posts throughout the United States, the same as were directed to be paid to Thomas Jefferson, by the Army, and the Navy and Marine Corps.

At Richmond, Virginia, Tuesday was set

apart for a funeral procession, in honor of the memory of Thomas J. Jefferson; and the Governor of the State was to deliver a discourse on the occasion.

Wednesday was devoted, in New York, to the solemn commemoration of the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Business was suspended, the military corps paraded, a bugle-trumpet service was performed; and a public address delivered, &c.

Thomas J. Jefferson was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, on the 21st of April, 1743; and was, at the time of his birth, 53 years & 2 months & 2 days old. He is still walking among the earliest men in Virginia, of which colony his grand-father, Thomas Jefferson, was a native. His father was named Peter Jefferson, and was known as one of the Commissioners for determining the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747, from which he derived an extensive and valuable estate.

The Declaration of Independence was adopt-

ed on Thursday the 4th of J. 1776.

The government of the United States was goin-

g on, under the present Constitution, by the

inauguration of General Washington, as Presi-

dent, March 4, 1789; more than forty years

ago. Since that time up to the 4th of July, 1812, but one of the Presidents of the United States had died. Mr. John Adams, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. John Quincy Adams on the day, were all alive. As some of those gentlemen had attained the Presidency, until they were nearly of age, it is not a little remarkable, that after so great a lapse of time, they should all have been alive at the last Jubilee.

John Adams was 90 years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson eight years older than James Monroe; and James Monroe, eight years older than John Quincy Adams.

It is worthy of remark, as a singular coincidence, that the lamented Peter Adams, in whom this nation lost one of its brightest talents, likewise ended his words career on the anniversary of American Independence.

Only one signer of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence now survives, Charles Carroll,

of Carrollton—he enjoys good health, and

cheerful disposition, it is probable he will continue

for several years to live and enjoy his domes-

tic and friendly circle.

The Atlas, a newspaper recently establish-

ed in London, is unquestionably the largest

sheet ever printed. It measures forty-four

inches and three-quarters one way and thirty-

two inches and one quarter the other. And

what is most remarkable as it appears, such a sheet

would be filled with infinite labor to the

editor, as one of our journals were we are

obliged to change all its type in order to

keep in the current articles of news.

The National Intelligencer of Friday week announces the decease of the immortal sage of Monticello thus:

Thomas Jefferson is no more! His weary sun hath made a golden set, leaving a bright tract of undying fame to mark his path to a glorious immortality. The illustrious Author of the Declaration of Independence breathed his last at Monticello on the fourth of this month, at 10 minutes before one o'clock. On the fiftieth Anniversary of the birth of this Nation, with which event his Name and Fame are forever and indissolubly united, at the moment when all tongues throughout the land were engaged in repeating the language of his greatest work, his soul, situated with the retrospect of half a century of past events, winged its flight to the realms of immortality! Singular, but felicitous coincidence! We shall not coolly venture to indite the memoirs of such a man. His history may be read in a Nation's eyes—his eloquence on the surface of every thing that is admirable and peculiar in the principles of our Government. For a review of his past life this is not the moment. A more suitable occasion shall be chosen, and perhaps a more able pen than ours.

Mr. Jefferson was buried on the 5th instant, in the burying place at Monticello, without any pomp or procession.

The Baltimore Gazette, speaking of Mr. Jefferson, says,

"Perhaps if a wish had been formed by himself or his friends, as to the time of his departure from this mortal to an immortal state, the very moment at which his death occurred would have been selected—as uniting with the recollection of the man, and rendering permanent, as inseparable from his fame, the important share he had in preparing and perfecting the instrument which gave independence to his native land, and freedom to the nation by which he has been so highly honored."

The sage of Monticello, or the President of the United States, will not be often mentioned, or recalled, in the history of our country. A remarkable circumstance took place lately, at Bedford, in the state of Indiana, which no doubt will be very interesting to the most of our readers. At a special session of the Lawrence county circuit court, called for the purpose of trying two persons charged with larceny, and then in the jail of that county, John Adamson was sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a horse, for the term of three years; and Jesse Brannan for stealing leather, for one year. His Honor John F. Rose, presiding judge, and John Kingbury, Esq. prosecuting attorney. Brannan is about twenty years of age, of poor parents, an inexperienced and uncouth chap, but possessing good natural abilities. During his trial, he appeared careless and indifferent of his fate. His aged father and mother were present and seemed deeply affected. The trial occupied the whole of Monday, and the prisoner was brought to the bar on Tuesday morning, to receive the sentence of the court. The prosecution was managed with that ability which does honor to the person who conducted the plea of the state. The trial was far, and the boy received the just sentence of the law, which was pronounced upon him by the judge in a style at once dignified, applicable and interesting. After which, while the boy was in custody of the sheriff, his mother was permitted to speak to him. "My boy," said the old lady, "go to the penitentiary, serve out your time there, and when you return, I will give you as a mother still." They separated; the boy was about to be conducted to jail and the mother was going towards her house, for the purpose of returning home; the thought of being thus torn from her child in disgrace, bore too hard on her aged breast, already worn with grief and infirmities. She could no longer support the heavy load; she tottered and fell; her situation was seen and many ran to her relief; but the mother's grief and affliction had grieved her. She was pale and lifeless; the purple current which had hitherto preserved the vital spark, had now fled to its citadel, and forced aside the beating ligaments. Her extremities were chilled. Several attempts were made to bleed her, but the blood had forsaken its wonted channels. The boy was soon brought forward to witness the awful effects his guilt had produced upon her who had borne him. Here for the first time, he shewed that he had a heart that could feel; his face, which had before had the appearance of hardness, was seen bathed in tears. The old man with difficulty withstood the awful shock; but at last, with some composure, and with a father's feelings, he addressed his bleeding son, in substance as follows: "See, my boy, you have been the death of your mother. It is too late now for you to weep or lament; but three weeks since I buried your brother, my other son; here was sufficient warning for you, and while our eyes were yet wet with tears for him, you committed the disgraceful deed which has brought upon me this awful curse; I am now left alone to pursue the rugged journey of life;" his tears stopped his utterance. The scene was solemn. The town, which till now was cheerful, became sombre as the house of mourning.

THE NICETY OF THE LAW.

A man named Robert A. Evans, was recently arraigned before the superior court of Twiggs county, Georgia, on a charge of perjury, in having sworn, upon the holy gospel, to the truth of a certain statement respecting a controversy between two of his neighbors; but the magistrate, before whom the oath was taken, being unable to testify whether he was sworn upon the holy gospel, or with the uplifted hand, the prisoner was discharged, on the ground that the oath had been administered in a form different from that laid in the indictment.

Captain Symmes has been on a tour through the New England States; he has been well received, and treated with the attention which a scientific man generally meets in that portion of our country. Mr. Reynolds was last at Schenectady, New York, where his lectures were attended by the students and faculty of Union College. A very flattering letter was addressed to him by a committee from the senior class of that respectable school. A gentleman of fortune in New York has been so far convinced of the correctness of Mr. Reynolds' theory of the earth, that he has offered to fit out a vessel for an expedition to the south pole. Mr. Reynolds is to accompany the person who prepares the expedition.

NEWSPAPERS.

There were but seven papers in the United States in 1730, in 1810 there were 359, (including 25 published daily) which circulated 20,200,000 copies in the year. In 1823 they had increased to 588, and at present they are about 640.

The number of copies circulated in the year by these journals, exceeds 30 millions in the British Isles in 1821, with twenty millions of people, the number of newspapers was estimated to be 234, and the copies printed annually 29 millions. The whole of continental Europe, containing 160 millions of inhabitants, where the press is confined down by royal and priestly jealousy, certainly does not support half the number of journals which exist in the United States.

ON THE Georgia (S. C.) Gazette.

A PRINTER'S WARNING.

It will be three years the first of October next, since the Gazette was established, without collecting ten per cent on the dues. Arrangements are making to present the accounts, which may be liquidated by cash or bills payable the 25th of October; otherwise all delinquents will be summoned alphabetically, to appear before Esq. Rogers, and show cause, if any can, why judgment should not be given.

Printers have too often to ask the aid of square Rogers, and to go through their alphabet.

FIT WATER. Dr.



Today's the very spine of life,
This gives it all its flavor.

—
FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees

Play'd in sunshine, the rain drops, the birds and the breeze;

The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay

On the bay of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down

the vale,

Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;

And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours;

And back in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies like a banner in sunset unfurled,
Over the west threw their splendor of aurore and gold;

But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased;

Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on these scenes, while around us they grew;

When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud.

"Twas not like the sun; as at mid day we view,

Nor the moon, that rolleth th' bright and

blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,

And the eye and the heart bade it its beautiful form;

For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,

But its garments of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,

Over the river, the village, the field and the wood.

And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright;

As comes when they gave and afforded delight.

"Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in his hand;

Whose grasp at creation the universe spans;

"Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,

His vow from the flood to the end of time;

Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,

When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;

The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled;

And thunder his voice to a guilty-striken world;

In the breath of his presence, when thousand斯斯 are

fire;

And was hot with fury, and rocks burst with fire,

And the sword and the plague spot with death

strew the plain;

And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!

Whose arch was refraction, its key stone—

sun;

A pavilion it seemed, with a Daily greced,

And justice and mercy met there and embrac'd.

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